

The JOURNAL is published every Friday morning. OFFICE—in Buckland's Block—third story, Fremont, Sandusky County, O.
TERMS.—
One copy, per year, in advance, by mail \$1.50
Paid within the year, 90c
After the expiration of the year, 95c
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May, 1854. 16-17

FREMONT HOUSE,
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mont, Ohio.
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A Livestock Stable is attached—Passengers carried to
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Manufacturers of paper and Blank Books, and
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SAWYER, INGERSOLL & CO.,
Wholesale and retail dealers in Books, Station-
ery, Printing, Writing and Wrapping Paper,
Printing Materials, Black Building, Summit
street, Toledo, Ohio. Publishing House and
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April 7, 1854. 17.

CHARLES A. HENRY,
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ter street, TOLEDO, OHIO.

From the Muscine Journal.
The Fabled Fountain of Youth.
In the sunny south, where the wild air
Comes laden with the perfumed breath of
flowers,
Where the bright dancing stream that murmurs
Are fringed with blossoms through the win-
ter hours;
Behold a fabled fount, whose waters bright,
Tinge hoary age with youth's returning light.
Thus man's a sage and onward sped his way
Thro' many a winding pass, and forest lone,
Where zephyrs breathe, and crystal wavelets
play,
Soft as the love-lay of a bird in June:
But while he lingered in a land so fair,
A deadly snake and whither'd "it" not there."

Then to his ear a distant murmur stole,
Like the soft sighing of a water-fall,
Before its mingling drops so ridely part,
Smiling far down upon the Ocean's breast,
In placid beauty, for a while to rest.

And still far distant did the fountain gush;
Like a deceitful mirage luring on,
Near and again afar, its fancied rush,
Till manhood's strength and manhood's fire
were gone,
And hopelessly his last life-hours drew nigh:
No reviving spring—and he must die!

Ah! foolish search! and yet as vain a thing
Greatly the sign of all the souls of Earth;
Wander: then, worn and weary, varying
With vacillating step, from grief to mirth,
An ever and anon, the phantom fair
Glides the whole scene, with soft deceitful

And images gliding just within our grasp,
Its fair exterior, and beauty seems:
Yet reaching forth, but empty air we clasp;
And wakened rudely from this life-long dream
Fancy bewilder'd. Reason told'd to rest,
Too late we trace the home of happiness.
Muscine, Iowa, Nov. 1854. NELLIE.

Miscellaneous.
A Night at the Gaming House.
AN EPISODE OF REAL LIFE.

In the year 185—, a party were seated
around a table in the social hall of a steam-
boat on the Mississippi playing cards.—
They had played from about 9 o'clock in
the evening till near midnight. The party
consisted of four persons, two of whom were
notorious gamblers, and the other two were
frank, unsuspecting countrymen who had
been to New Orleans to dispose of produce,
and were returning home. At near mid-
night, one of the countrymen arose from the
table, saying to his partner:

"Luck's against us, Bob! Might as well
try to beat the devil himself as these fel-
lows!"
"Oh, for God's sake don't quit yet! Give
me some chance to get back my money!"
"No use Bob, I'm high busted! Pretty
near clean swept out."

Despair seemed written on every linea-
ment of Bob's features, when he found that
he could not persuade his friend to play.
At last he said to several who had been
watching the game, "won't some of you
gentlemen take my partner's place!"

There was a pause for a few moments,
then a young man, scarcely one-and-twenty,
took the vacant seat, saying:
"If you have no objections, I'll try my
hand."

"Agreed," was the reply.
"Here, bar-keeper, give us another pack
of cards," said the young man.
Another pack was brought, the stranger
opened them and handed them back, say-
ing:

"I want a pack of another color. These
are the same color as those they have been
playing with. We might as well change
the color just for luck."

The gambler's exchanged glances.
Another pack was brought; the game
commenced, and the gamblers won. Bob
grew uneasy.

"Come, let's double the stakes!" said the
stranger, whose turn it was to deal.
"Just as you like," said the gamblers.
The stakes were doubled, and the stranger
and his partner won. A gleam of sun-
shine illumined Bob's countenance. An-
other game was played, Bob and his com-
panion were again successful. The stakes
increased—the gamblers lost.

"Bar-keeper, bring us another pack
of cards, of another color from these," said
the stranger who was about to deal.
One of the gamblers looked at his part-
ner while a dark frown overspread his fea-
tures.

Three more games were played, and Bob
had retrieved his losses. The stranger again
called for another pack of cards. At this
one of the gamblers exclaimed—
"No more changing! We play with
these!"

"You play with what you please," repli-
ed the young man, as an almost impercepti-
ble smile passed over his countenance,
"but if my partner and myself play, we
must have another pack."

Bob looked at his partner and then at
George.
"Stick to what your partner says, Bob.—
He's the right stripe, and will come out
head horse, or I'm a nigger!" exclaimed
George, slapping Bob on the shoulder.
"I agree to what my partner says," said
Bob in reply to the gambler's looks of in-
quiry.

The gamblers exchanged looks, and then
consented to the arrangement.
Four more games were played, and each
time Bob and the stranger won. One of the
gamblers watched him closely, and sudden-
ly exclaimed—
"You—your villain! Cheating are you!"

"Playing with you at your game, I have
watched you all night, and saw you cheat
my partner and his friend. Even now you
have got a dozen cards in the sleeves of
your coat. I never play on a square with
thieves!" replied the stranger, hastily, as a
deadly paleness stole over his features.

While this was taking place, the specta-
tors prevented the other gambler from in-
terfering, and in the struggle a number of
cards dropped from his coat. This social
hall was now a scene of confusion.
"Gamel clear grit, by thunder!" exclaim-
ed George, as he with others separated the
combatants.
The gambler's face and breast were cov-
ered with blood, as was also the young
stranger's hand.
"Has the white livered thief stabbed you,
my young hickory?" said George as he pul-
led the young man towards the light.
"No, I guess not."

But the blood dropped fast from the
young man's hand, and upon washing off
the blood, it was discovered that his right
thumb was nearly severed. In the scuffle
he succeeded in disarming the gambler, and
thus probably saved his life. The wound
was dressed and bound up, and the stranger
returned to the social hall. The gambler,
who was chafing with rage, eyed him with
a demoniac look, and shaking his fist at him,
exclaimed—

"I allow no man to call me a thief, and
you must give me satisfaction!"
"I will give you any satisfaction you
want, you cowardly cut-throat," was the
reply.
"And if you can't, I'm the chap that
will," exclaimed George, throwing off his
coat and hat.

"Good, my young Davy; but the fellow is
big enough to swallow you."
"Yes; but may be he can't digest me."
"It wouldn't be a fair fight," interposed
several by-standers.

"Well; there's something that nullifies
brute force and places all on equal footing."
"That's the talk, Davy. You are my
man," exclaimed George, slapping the
stranger on the back.

"He's right," said one of the by-standers,
a man about forty years old, stepping for-
ward.
"The young man is right, and I am his
friend in the matter. It's as clear as day,
and the affair can soon be settled."

This speaker had been major in the Tex-
as Revolution, and he led the stranger down
the cabin towards his state-room, telling the
gambler to have matters arranged within
fifteen minutes. When they reached the
state-room, the Major said:

"How is it that a person of your age un-
derstands so much about cards as to beat
these old gamblers?"
"Curiosity led me to study them; but I
never play but for amusement. Most, if not
all the tricks, I learned of a fellow-boarder,
who had spent a great deal of his time at
the gambling table. I noticed that these
honest countrymen had been swindled, and
thought it would be an act of charity to
best gamblers with their own weapons, and
recover the money for my partner and his
friend. Every time I noticed the gamblers
secrete cards, I called for another pack
of cards of a different color; and watched them
too closely to give them a chance to cheat
me in deal. They did not suspect until
near the finish of our play. You know the
rest."

"Pretty good! but do you think that you
could face that fellow's fire? He is an old
hand at the business."

"But he's a coward, or he would not
have drawn a knife on me. Yet, if it can
be avoided, I would rather not meet him.
I would not like to have him meet his death
at my hands, nor would I like to sacrifice
my own life for so unworthy a purpose."

"It is too late to back out now."
"Can't it be settled?"
"No! If you refuse to meet him every
one will pronounce you a coward."

"Well, if it must be, I suppose it must;
but I have no weapons!"
"Never mind that; I have a pair of du-
eling pistols, and so if you have any arrange-
ments to make, be about it, for the time is
short, and the affair should be settled be-
fore it gets noised about the boat. I'll see
to the other matters."

"Stay! make the distance short."
"Only the breadth of the boat."
"So saying, the young man went to his
own state room, but soon returned and
seated himself by a table in the cabin and
commenced writing. His face was pale—
deadly pale—but there was a fixedness of
features which at once told that his mind
was made up. A tear coursed down his
cheek as he wrote—but probably that tear
was for those far away, yet still to memory
dear. Strange thoughts flitted through
his mind—so young, and yet to stand on
the brink of death—to make one fearful
plunge into that dark, unknown river, and
to be carried by its current out into the
ocean of eternity to return home no more.

A life time passed in view in a moment.—
Yet the genial said, "Go on—too late!" To
die, or kill—either was a dreadful reflection.
Yet the proud passions of youth would not
submit to reflection. It must be done, and
the sooner it is over the better—so reason-
ed passion, and passion triumphed. When
he had finished his writing, he gave it to
the Major, requesting him to follow the di-
rections which he would find in a note ad-
dressed to himself, in case he should fall.—
Also to give his winnings to George to
make up for the loss he had sustained.

Then they went upon the upper deck of
the boat. It was a calm still night, the
moon shone forth in all its pale splendor.
As far as the eye could reach nothing but
frosts and water met the gaze. The boat
had just rounded for the purpose of wood-
ing, and when it was again under way,
the young stranger, his second and three
other persons, anxiously awaited the ap-
proach of the gambler. Scarcely a word
was spoken—none felt disposed to disturb
the silence that reigned. Half an hour
passed, the gambler came not. It was now
suggested that some one should go in search
of him. The messenger soon returned and
reported that both gamblers had left the
boat at the wood-yard. When the young
man heard this, a fervent "thank God" es-
caped his lips, and the party retired to seek
 repose in sleep.

Envy thou not the oppressor.

Lock of a Beautiful Girl.
I have acquainted you more than once
with the passage of the numerous and rap-
idly succeeding hordes of Germans through
Paris, on their way to the great West via
Havre. Scarcely a day certainly not a
week, passes away, that some throng of
these uncouth, weather-beaten, poverty
stricken Saxons may not be seen roaming
about the streets, or in the public gardens,
taking a last glance at the wonders of the
old world, before seeing the wonders of the
new world.

Some five years ago, and when these ex-
peditions were not so well organized as they
are now, a young girl about fourteen years
old, attracted by the contents of an splen-
did shop window, was separated from her
companions, and every attempt she made
to rejoin them plunged herself more in-
extricably in the intricate web of streets
which distinguished Paris even more, for-
merly than now, when an emperor and pic-
nics are radically changing the topography
of the city. Night came on, and she was
more perplexed than ever. She found it
impossible to make herself understood, for
even if she had been so fortunate as ac-
cidentally to hit upon some one who could
comprehend the provincial dialect she spoke,
she would have found it more difficult to
get his ear; there are so many imposters
in Paris, and so sturdy in their begging,
the most generous of us are but too apt to ex-
claim, with the old gentleman on the Boul-
evard, who, when stopped by an elderly
woman, with a "For God's sake, Monsieur,
give me a little of your attention," replied,
"I'll give you my attention, but confound me
if I give you anything else."

The heroine of this story made ineffec-
tual attempts to get a hearing and make her-
self understood. When the clock struck
the hour at which the train of cars was to
leave Paris for Havre, with all of her com-
panions, she felt such utter despair at the
helplessness of her situation, she gave a
hysterical scream, and fell helpless in the
street. She was immediately surrounded
by a crowd and taken up. A carriage pass-
ing by stopped; a lady put her head out
of the window, and asked the cause of the
assault.

A young girl has fallen down from inat-
tention, I believe; she certainly looks very
pale and exhausted," was the reply.
"Bring her to my carriage," said the la-
dy, "and run for a doctor, here's my ad-
dress—I live near here."

She took the young girl in her carriage
and drove her home, where she was sur-
rounded with every attention and put to bed.
When she recovered her senses, she was
questioned and she replied in her native
dialect. The doctor came, examined her,
and prescribed one of those innumerable
cures which they give in every disease,
from yellow fever to flushed faces. The
poor girl was burning with a fever, and af-
ter the first glow of the fever was in some
degree cooled, overcame with fatigue and
the harassing emotions of the day, she
sank into a profound slumber. The next
morning, when she awoke, she found an in-
terpreter by her bedside and, through him
her benefactress heard her story.

Her name was Elizabeth; she was an
orphan; she was from a poor village in
Hesse, which had emigrated en masse for
the United States; she had gone with the
rest of the inhabitants, because she would
otherwise have been left alone. Even if
she had not been to ill to have attempted
to join her companions, the chances were
that the emigrant ship had already sailed
from Havre.

"Stay with me," said the benevolent hos-
tess, "until your health returns, and then
we shall see what is best to do."
This suited admirably with Elizabeth's
humor; no ties bound her to her com-
panions; she was going to the United States
with all the careless indifference of extreme
youth and extreme poverty.

When Elizabeth recovered her health,
her benefactress engaged her to remain
with her. I need not say how willingly
she consented. Madame M. was touched
by the gratitude expressed towards her
by the poor orphan girl; her attachment to
her was daily increased; the young girl
deserved it; the best masters were given
her, and her education rendered complete
by endowing her with all the accomplish-
ments which adorn her sex. The luxury
and the affection which surrounded her
soon polished the rustic German orphan in-
to the winning, graceful Paris beauty. Last
year Madame M., who has no children,
adopted Mlle Elizabeth in all legal form,
to give her name and bequeath her fortune
to her.

Last winter Mlle Elizabeth M. went in-
to society, where she had all the success
an unmarried lady, with \$40,000 dot and
a fortune of \$200,000 in reversion, could not
fail to command.

Her hand was demanded
by persons of all ranks of the French
peerage. A few days ago bans were pub-
lished at the Mairie of the Tenth Arron-
dissement of the marriage of Mlle Eliza-
beth M. and the Viscount de T. Viscount-
ess and millionaire!—Densy "luck" after
this story! Had Elizabeth the beggar,
orphan, foreigner girl, not been born under
some good star, some unsexed harpy would
have taken possession of her, and after
youth, beauty, and health had fled away,
she would have died in the hospital bed of
some loathsome disease, and her grave
would have been the dissecting table at
Clamart.

There are more things in Heaven and earth,
Than are dreamed of in your philosophy."

And believe me, this thing of "luck" is
one of them.

William Gribby, a successful pedestrian,
announces that he will undertake on the
Union race course, for a wager of \$1,000,
the extraordinary feat of walking one mile,
draw a sulky containing a boy 16 years of
age two miles, go backward one mile, and
pick up stones 50 yards apart, and place
them one by one in a basket, all to be done
within one hour. Beta on the success of
this feat are running high.

Devise not evil against thy neighbor.

Incidents of the Loss of the New
Erid.
This fine new ship, in the New York and
Bremen emigrant trade, our readers have
been pained to learn, was lost on Monday
night by beaching on Long Island, and of-
fered two hundred and sixty persons perished.
The New York papers now come to us
with all the heart-rending details, from
which we learn that there is evidence of the
most criminal negligence on the part of the
officers and crew of the vessel, and that
owing entirely to a want of watchfulness,
the vessel was beached and lost. The
Tribune says:—

"It would seem that a few hours before
this event occurred the weather was fine,
as is indeed as any experienced in the
course of a voyage across the Atlantic, ex-
tending over a period of forty-six days.—
The ship was new; it was her first voyage;
and we have heard no complaint of her or-
dinary crew being in any way inefficient."
There was little or no fog, and the vessel
was in the neighborhood of a coast where
the soundings alone will show almost the
precise position of a ship during the dar-
kest nights of winter. And yet this vessel,
freighted with a living cargo of 427 human
beings, lies a total wreck on the shore, and
although some 260 lives are lost, there is no
bar where the guilty ones—if guilty ones
there be—can be punished; no tribunal
save that of public opinion from which those
mangled bodies can claim retribution."

This is a most emphatic condemnation,
but seems warranted from all facts which
have thus far come to light. The rescued
all testify to the same charge of negligence
on the part of officers, and there seems no
doubt but that this awful destruction of life
was useless and could have been avoided.

Some of the incidents are so heart-rend-
ing as to compel the reader to tears. The
reporter of the Tribune, who proceeded to
the spot, tells this tale:—

"Watching an opportunity, as a spent
wave receded, we leaped into the mizen
rigging. Such a spectacle as the decks of
the New Erid then presented we hope never
to be called to witness again. The fore-
castle was beaten in, and the top of the
poop-cabin on the larboard side had a large
hole in it that the waves had made. The
frames of the bulwarks stood above the
waves, like the fleshless ribs of a leviathan,
while protruding through them were the
bodies of men, women and children, all of
them naked, or but partially covered with
the clothes they had on when asleep in
their berths. But the most awful sight of
all was directly below our feet. There, be-
tween the side of the poop-cabin and the
mizen chains, about a score of corpses, all
stark, stiff and cold, lay in every conceiv-
able attitude of agony, maimed, crushed and
bruised, with eyes washed from their sockets,
and teeth set like wild vices, and every fea-
ture fearfully convulsed; there, promiscu-
ously heaped together, were old men whose
race had nearly run; young maidens, just
blooming into womanhood, and babes whose
lives were measured but by weeks. Every
age and sex had its representative here,
and told in ghastly types how much hu-
manity may suffer. The blood had frozen
into blackness beneath their finger-nails,
and with the half-climbed hand, showed
how strong had been the grip on the rig-
ging—how long and fierce the strife for
life—content in which they did not yield
until the bleak blast had frozen their hearts
blood, and their unconscious hands had
loosened their grasp, when their lives went
out into the dark night. Swallowed up be-
neath the seething waves that burst madly
over the ship."

What a terrible record is this! Will such
horrors ever cease? It makes us shudder
to think upon the sea, so rife has it become
to death, and we begin to think there must
be some judgement of Heaven let loose up-
on man that so many of the race should
thus be hurried into ocean graves.—San-
dusky Register.

ORIGIN OF NORWAY.—In the remote
north of Europe a legend is current that
God, when he had created the world, and
was reposing from his labor, was suddenly
aroused from his meditation by the fall of
a monstrous mass of waters. The Creator,
as he looked up, perceived the devil, who
had seized a prodigious mass of rock, which
he had hurled into the deep, so that the axis
of the new creation, trembling under the
weight, threatened to break, and yet wavers,
and will to eternity. The Lord preserved
his work from entire destruction by his
mighty power. With one hand he sustain-
ed it, and with the other he threatened the
base fiend, who, howling with fear took
flight; but everywhere the fearful pile of
rock rose above the waters. High and gloomily
it projected out of the swelling
flood to the clouds; jagged, wild shattered,
its naked sides sank into the unfathomable
depths, and filled the sea with innumerable
cliffs and peaks for many miles. The Mak-
er cast a look of sadness and pity upon this
waste, and then took what remained of
fruitful earth, and strewn it over the black
rocks. But alas! it was to spare to be of
much avail. The ground was scarcely cov-
ered in the clefts and hollows, and only in
a few spots was sufficient deposited to nourish
fruit trees and ripen seeds. The farther
to the north, the scantier was the gift,
until at last none remained, and the devil's
work rested under the curse of eternal bar-
renness. But God stretched out his omni-
potent hand, and blessed the desolate
earth. "Although no flower shall here
bloom," said the Almighty, "no bird sing,
and no blade of grass grow, yet the wicked
spirit shall have no share in these. I will
have compassion on thee, and suffer men
here to dwell, who with love and affection
shall cling to these rocks, and be happy in
their possession." Then the Lord com-
manded the fish to frequent the sea in vast
swarms, and above, on the ice-fields, He
placed a wonderful creature, half cow, half
deer, which was to nourish man with milk,
butter and flesh, and clothe him with its
furry skin.

Devise not evil against thy neighbor.

ARRIVAL OF THE ASIA.
New York, Nov. 18th.
The steamship Asia arrived from Liver-
pool this morning.
The Asia left Liverpool at 11 o'clock on
the morning of the 4th inst., and reached
her dock shortly after 9 this morning.
She brings 144 passengers, and on the
5th of Nov. at 12 A. M., passed steamship
Europa 8 miles north of Tascor, and passed
the Pacific the same night.

The following dispatch was received at
the foreign office from Lord Stratford De
Radcliff just before the Asia's departure:
CONSTANTINOPLE, Oct. 27.—The Capt.
of the English steam transport, which left
Balaklava on the eve of the 26th, confirms,
in a great part, the information brought
this morning by a French ship.

It appears that the Russians attacked
the forts in the vicinity of Balaklava on
the 25th. Their numbers being 30,000.
The attack was unexpected.
The assaults preceded the infantry to
resist them at first.

The Turks gave way, and even left their
guns, which were seized by the Russians
and turned against them.
The Scotch remained firm in their posi-
tion; other forces arrived, and the Russians
were obliged to yield. The Russians re-
mained, nevertheless, masters of two forts,
from which they fired on the Allies.

Three regiments of English Light Cav-
alry, exposed to the fire of the Russians,
suffered immensely.
The French took part in the affair with
admirable bravery, and the next day their
position was attacked by a body of 8,000
Russians, as well from the side of the town
as from that of Balaklava, they repulsed
the enemy with great slaughter. The loss
of the Russians must have been very great.

It is affirmed that the fire of the bat-
teries of the town had much slackened; and,
according to the reports of the wounded of-
ficers, some of whom have arrived at
Bynkers, the belief continued that Sebas-
topol would soon be in the hands of the
Allies.

Among the names of the killed and
wounded there are none of General officers.
Stratford de Radcliff is reported to have
promoted Lord Duncan from Capt. to Lieut.
Colonel.

Up to the 25th of October, the siege and
bombardment of Sebastopol was going on
with regularity and success, and the loss of
life in the town was so great that the air
was said to be tainted by the number of
unburied dead.

Admiral Napakoff had been killed by a
shell.
The loss of the Allies is comparatively
small, and Lord Raglan was understood to
be favorable to a prolonged bombardment
in preference to an immediate assault.

The Wiener publishes the following
despatch of Kichemoff:
BERESKIA, Oct. 29th.—On the 25th
General Lepradiaz attacked the detached
camp of the English and took the 4 redoubts
which protected their position. The as-
saults also took 11 guns; at the same time
such a powerful cavalry attack was made
that it probably cost the English half their
light cavalry.

Lord Cardigan, who commanded, escaped
with difficulty. Lord Dunlelin was taken
prisoner.
Greek accounts from Odessa confirm this,
and say that the English cavalry lost five
hundred men, it is certain that the Russians
have received considerable reinforcement,
and a still stronger corps was expected
from Beretop. At the recent attack up-
on the Forts at the mouth of Sebastopol
harbor the vessels of the Allies were much
damaged, the British were said to be with-
in 200 yards of the Russian works, but the
French works were not strong enough and
had been much injured. A deserter stated
that the Russian loss was very great.

The French division from the Buraus had
passed the Bosphorus as a reinforcement
to the besieging army.

Official despatches make no mention of
Lepradiaz's alleged victory, the affair is un-
derstood to have taken place near Eupla-
ria when the Allies were on the look out
for the Russian reinforcements, English ac-
counts say that the British cavalry were at-
tacked, but the French advanced to their
assistance and the Russians retired. It is
said that two Russian men-of-war that had
been careened over in his harbor to serve
as batteries, had been sunk by the fire of
the allies. Water was beginning to fail at
Sebastopol.

Lord Raglan's chief interpreter, a Greek,
had been sent to Constantinople as a Rus-
sian spy.

Meychakoff reported the official loss of
the Russians at Alma 4,500, and that Fort
Canstop had been much damaged and 33
guns lost.

Gorlekheff was apparently strengthen-
ing his position on the Danube.
There is talk